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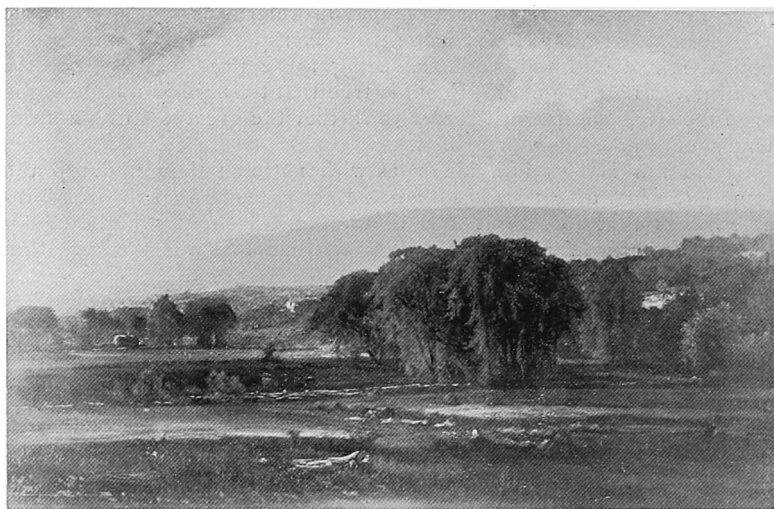
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HARVEST-TIME IN THE DELAWARE VALLEY

By George Inness

FUTURE OF ART IN AMERICA*

Since I have come to America, since from the effete Old World I have been transferred to a new continent where the United States of America gives such a splendid spectacle of activity, I have reflected, and my Latin turn of mind makes me compare this country to the old republic of Venice. I do not know why, but my conviction is that, like Venice, the United States will have one day the most magnificent school of painting in the world.

Generations must yet pass away before on this new field of art old Europe will be definitely vanquished. But the generations will be born, will live and die, and the new art will come permanently into existence—an art truly native and without the decadent influences of the galleries of Europe.

Venice also commenced, as you have done, by industry and commerce. She had her sailors before she had her painters; she was obliged to acquire opulence and domination before she could cry a school of art. One may even say that art cannot be born excepting in a country which knows opulence and domination. A poor nation does not taste the sweetness of the arts, because it must have both material and intellectual wealth before it can come to the understanding of beauty and to the joys it gives.

I will be pardoned, I hope, for this slight digression into philoso-

* Portion of an address delivered at Pittsburg.

phy; the blame for it is to be put upon you Americans and the spectacle you present to an artist just come from Europe. How is it possible not to reflect and philosophize, seeing these prodigies of activity, wealth, and recent glory? For it is true that triumph in all its forms, even the triumph of arms, serves to further the greatness of a nation. One should never be vanquished.

I hold it is with individuals as with nations; they undergo the same fate when defeat strikes them. Decadence and all the irremediable things that go with it stare in the face that nation betrayed by the chance of warfare when art does not come as a last consolation to support that nation's ideal and grandeur.

Here it is Nature which has been conquered, and which man has found the means of subjecting so that he can take from her all that he wishes—iron, oil, gas, all which were hidden and which he had to go in search of, subject and put under control—so that matter should attend upon the genius of man and bear witness to his triumph and power.

It is something of a terrifying spectacle, and one of singular grandeur, to see in the night the approaches to Pittsburg. The heavens themselves are aflame, being lit up by the fire which springs from the earth and pales the stars. In this corner of the earth Prometheus would have had no need to try to ravish from heaven the fire which guarded the jealous gods; he would here have had the fires of earth born of the genius of man, more powerful and more luminous than any illumination sung by the poets or the fabulists of antiquity. And all this which is to be seen is a source of inspiration to the artist, and ought to leave no man indifferent who knows how to see and reflect.

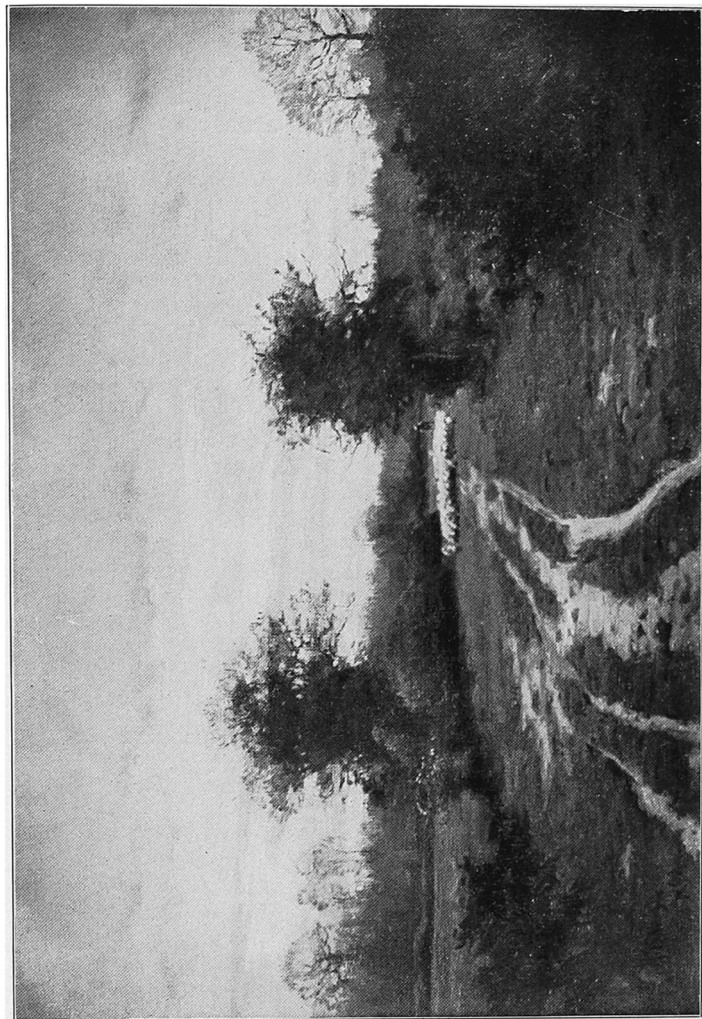
EDMOND AMAN-JEAN.



THE RIVER LOING—THE POOL

By Alexander Harrison

Collection of Mr. John S. Runnells



TWILIGHT
By Charles H. Davis

